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THE MONUMENT TO

JOSEPH WARREN.

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THE WARREN MONUMENT

MONUMENT

TO

JOSEPH WARREN

ITS ORIGIN, HISTORY AND DEDICATION

1894-1904

BOSTON
MUNICIPAL PRINTING OFFICE
1905

3707733

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GEN. JOSEPH WARREN

From a Carbon Photograph. Copyright 1897 by A. W. Elson & Co., Boston.

THE GENEALOGY OF WARREN.

By Henry A. May.

GENERAL WARREN was descended from Peter Warren, who was born in 1628, and died in Boston November 15, 1704, aged 76 years. In Suffolk Deeds, on March 8, 1650, he is styled mariner, and purchased land of Theodore Atkinson on Essex street, Boston. His will is to be found in Suffolk Probate.

Peter (1) Warren, married (1) Sarah, daughter of Robert Tucker of Dorchester, Mass., August 1, 1660, and by her had the following children:

1. John (2), born September 8, 1661;
2. Joseph (2), born February 19, 1663;
3. Benjamin, born July 25, 1665;
4. Elizabeth, born January 4, 1667;
5. Ebenezer, born February 11, 1672;
6. Peter, born April 20, 1676.

He married (2) Hannah ———, and had:

7. Hannah, born May 19, 1680;
8. Mary, born November 4, 1683;
9. Robert, born December 24, 1684.

He married (3) Esther ———.

His three wives were all members of the Old South Boston Church, Boston.

Joseph (2) Warren, son of Peter and Sarah, sold the Essex street estate in 1714, reserving to the widow Esther the life estate.

He purchased in 1687 of John Heavens seven acres of land, and in 1720 built the original Warren mansion on Warren street. He married Deborah, daughter of Samuel Williams, who was a sister of Rev. John Williams, captive of the Indians at Deerfield, Mass. He died at Roxbury July 13, 1729, aged 66 years, and was buried in the First Burying-place, corner of Washington and Eustis streets.

They had eight children, one of them, Joseph (3), born February 2, 1696, married Mary, daughter of Dr. Samuel and Mary Stevens, May 29, 1740. They had:

1. Joseph (4), born June 11, 1741;
2. Samuel (4);
3. Ebenezer (4), born Sept. 14, 1748;
4. John (4), born 1753, graduate Harvard College, 1771; surgeon, Essex County Regiment, at battle of Lexington; surgeon at Seige of Boston; campaign in the Jerseys to 1777, and afterward hospital surgeon at Boston till the close of the war.

Joseph, the father, fell from an apple tree in his orchard, October 23, 1775, and broke his neck. He was buried in the First Burying-place, Roxbury. His

remains are now in the Warren lot at Forest Hills cemetery.

Mary (Stevens) Warren, the mother, was a granddaughter of Robert Calef, famous as instrumental in arresting the persecution of those charged with witchcraft. She died in the old homestead, Warren street, Roxbury, in 1800.

THE FACTS OF WARREN'S LIFE.

BY HENRY A. MAY.

General Joseph (4) Warren, the eldest son of Joseph and Mary (Stevens) Warren, was born in the old mansion on Warren street. He graduated at Harvard College 1759, and taught school in Roxbury in 1760. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Richard Hooton of Boston. September 6, 1764, by whom he had four children — Joseph, Richard (5), Elizabeth and Mary. He removed to Boston and resided on the site of the American House on Hanover street, where he practised as a physician. He was the Town Orator, March 5, 1771 and 1775. He took part in a combat which destroyed a British ship of war off Chelsea beach. He was a volunteer with his brothers — Ebenezer and John — at the battle of Lexington. He was Grand Master of all Lodges of Free Masons in the United States at the time of his death. He was elected Major-General in the American Army by the Provincial Congress, of which he was the President.

When the Americans had decided to erect the redoubt on Bunker Hill, Warren declared his purpose to be on the battlefield with the soldiers. On the 16th of June he presided as president of the Provincial Congress, slept at Watertown that night, went to Cambridge on the morning of June 17, and, after meeting with the Committee of Safety, armed himself and went to Charlestown. He mingled in the fight, behaved with great bravery, and was among the last to leave the redoubt. He had proceeded but a few rods when a ball struck him in the head, and he fell. The next day his friends went to the battlefield, among them Dr. Jeffries and Mr. Winslow (afterwards General Winslow) of Boston, recognized the body and buried it where he fell. After the British army evacuated Boston, his remains were taken up in April, 1776, identified, and carried to King's Chapel, where an eulogy was pronounced by Hon. Perez Morton. After the services the remains were placed in the tomb belonging to George Minot, Esq., in the Granary Burying-ground.

In 1825, when the foundation of Bunker Hill Monument was laid, it was thought proper to discover and preserve the remains. Complete identification of all that was mortal of Warren was made by the eye-tooth, secured by a gold wire, and the mark of the fatal bullet behind the left ear. The remains were carefully collected and placed in a box made of hard wood, with a silver plate, inscribed as follows:

IN THIS TOMB
ARE DEPOSITED THE EARTHLY REMAINS OF
MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH WARREN
WHO WAS KILLED
IN THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL
ON THE
17TH JUNE 1775

and the box placed in the Warren Tomb, under St. Paul's Church.

After the establishment of Forest Hills Cemetery, West Roxbury, the remains were taken from this tomb and interred in the Warren lot in that cemetery.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE WARREN MONUMENT.

By Captain Isaac P. Gragg.

The Congress of the United States, on April 8, 1777, voted to erect a monument to the memory of Major-General Joseph Warren. As no appropriation was made to carry the vote into effect, the Nation's proposed tribute to Warren was never expressed in marble or bronze. No doubt from this Congressional proposition sprang, however, the hope of the citizens of the town of Roxbury that the day would come when they could see their way clear to erect a monument to Warren at the place of his birth. During the last one hundred years the subject has been occasionally taken up at its public gatherings, but without result until the annexation of Roxbury to Boston. Then, at the instance of L. Foster Morse and others, at the public dedication of Kennedy Hall, October 1, 1873, the Hon. William Gaston, presiding, named a committee to organize a Joseph Warren Monument Association, and through the efforts of this committee a bill to

incorporate the association passed the Massachusetts Legislature on May 20, 1874, with Joseph H. Chadwick, Donald Kennedy, Samuel Little, James A. Keith, L. Foster Morse, John A. Scott, Augustus Parker, Robert C. Nichols, Franklin Williams, John L. Swift, John Backup, Albert Palmer, Thomas W. Clarke, William R. Gray, and Charles H. Hovey as the original incorporators.

In March, 1875, Congressman Henry L. Pierce obtained from Congress a donation to the association of ten brass cannon. Under the stimulus of this success, the incorporators, on March 17, accepted the Act of Incorporation, and on the 24th of the same month adopted by-laws, and elected Major Joseph H. Chadwick President, Franklin Williams Secretary, and Samuel Little Treasurer. On May 31, 1875, the City Government of Boston set aside the triangular lot on Warren street, opposite the birthplace of Warren, as the site for the monument, and on October 20, 1884, it voted to transfer to the association ten additional cannon which were due the city from the United States. During the following year a design for a monument was adopted by the association, and L. Foster Morse was authorized to go to Washington to endeavor to secure an appropriation of $10,000 from Congress, with the understanding that $15,000 additional would be raised in Massachusetts.

After interesting Senator Hoar and Representatives Ranney, Long and Collins, Mr. Morse succeeded in

having the necessary bill introduced into both the Senate and House. It failed to pass, and the association, discouraged by this disappointment and the ensuing hard times, allowed the matter to lay dormant for several years.

In 1894 the newly organized Roxbury Military Historical Society started a fresh agitation, and Mr. Samuel C. Jones, one of its members, who was also a Councilman from Ward 21, interested himself in the matter. In the early part of 1896 he secured, most unexpectedly, an appropriation of $12,100 for a monument of Warren to be erected by the City of Boston. The Joseph Warren Monument Association, reviving its interest, decided to abandon further efforts for a Congressional appropriation, organized a canvass among the citizens of Roxbury for funds to be added to the city's appropriation, and as the result of this effort turned over to the city the sum of $5,258.10.

With the amount now in hand, the Hon. Josiah Quincy, as Mayor and Chairman of the Art Commission of the City of Boston, was enabled, in January, 1895, to contract with Paul W. Bartlett for a monument, models of which were to be approved by the Commission. This contract expired December 1, 1901, without an acceptable model having been presented. The Art Commission, having been reorganized meanwhile under a new act of the Legislature, with Mr. Samuel D. Warren as chairman, a second contract was entered into with Mr. Bartlett;

a new model was furnished by him and accepted by the Commission; and early in 1904 the statue arrived in New York from Mr. Bartlett's Paris studio. The completion of the long-hoped-for Warren Monument being thus finally assured, the 17th of June was fixed upon for its dedication.

On July 27th of the preceding year the city, at the solicitation of the Art Commission, had appropriated $4,000 from the Phillips Statue Fund to grade and embellish the site for the monument. A few weeks previous to the dedication, at a conference between Mayor Collins and the officers of the Joseph Warren Monument Association, it was decided that the official ceremonies of the City of Boston should be supplemented by such additional exercises as the citizens of Roxbury might desire. Under the auspices of the association, a meeting of delegates from the association, the Roxbury Historical Society, and other local military and civic organizations, was accordingly held at the rooms of the Roxbury Historical Society, in the Municipal Court-house building, on the evening of April 13, 1904; a committee of arrangements was organized, consisting of 125 members, and designated as "The Roxbury Joseph Warren Day Committee"; plans were perfected for a parade, banquet, and evening exercises at the Church of the First Religious Society on Eliot Square; and the sum of $1,682.39 was raised by local public subscription to cover the cost of the local celebration.

While Roxbury was desirous of erecting its own memorial to Warren, it is perhaps more fitting that the monument has been finally erected by the City of Boston. Warren was born in Roxbury, and passed his youth and early manhood in that historic town; he lived and practised his profession, and performed the patriotic work which has made him famous as a prominent leader of the Revolution, while residing on Hanover street, Boston, and he yielded up his life for liberty at Charlestown. To-day the three towns that were the places of his birth, his manhood's work, and his heroic death, are all included in the greater Boston whose government dedicates the monument. And the people of Roxbury, by generously contributing to this and to the expenses of the local part of the ceremonies, enjoy the record of having done their full part in honoring Warren.

THE INSCRIPTION.

Office of the Mayor,
City of Boston, August 18, 1903.

Captain Isaac P. Gragg:

My Dear Captain,— When you were here last I forgot to ask what you intended to put on the Warren Monument. I had in mind a quotation from a letter he wrote in 1774, which expresses as pure and noble a sentiment as ever came from point of the pen of man in a crisis:

"When liberty is the prize, who would stoop to waste a coward thought on life?"

I think this thought should be perpetuated, and, if you and your associates agree with me, the monument is the place to have it. I do not know that the quotation is very well known, and it may not have occurred to others. I am,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) Patrick A. Collins, *Mayor*.

The above letter was laid before the Warren Monument Association, and the proposed inscription approved by them, and recommended to the Art Commission.

THE

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT.

By President Charles W. Eliot.

Joseph Warren
1741–1775
Physician — Orator — Patriot
Killed at Bunker Hill
17 June 1775

When liberty is the prize,
Who would shun the warfare?
Who would stoop
To waste a coward thought on life?

24 August 1774. Joseph Warren

DEDICATION.

THE DEDICATION.

IN Roxbury district, June 17, 1904, the Monument to Gen. Joseph Warren was formally dedicated in the presence of ten thousand spectators. In their midst stood three stands appropriately decorated, and occupied respectively by the Municipal band, by several hundred invited guests, and by the following persons prominently connected with the dedicatory exercises: His Honor Mayor Collins; Henry W. Putnam, the orator of the day; Brig.-Gen. N. A. M. Dudley, U. S. A., retired; Judge Solomon A. Bolster; Hon. Charles T. Gallagher; Dr. Thomas Dwight, a descendant of General Warren, and the one selected to unveil the statue; Rev. James de Normandie of the First Parish Church; L. Foster Morse and the Hon. Samuel Little, the two remaining members of the original Warren Monument Association as organized in 1873; F. W. Chandler, J. T. Coolidge, Jr., A. W. Longfellow and C. T. Gallagher, of the Municipal Art Commission; Richard H. W. Dwight, president of the Massachusetts Society Sons of the Revolution; W. Prentiss Parker, of the General Committee of Arrangements, and M. P. Curran, private secretary to the Mayor.

SPEECH

By the Hon. Charles T. Gallagher.

The Joseph Warren Monument Association was formed in Roxbury in 1874; the patriotic efforts of the public-spirited citizens who composed it have resulted in procuring from the United States Government ten bronze cannon, donated to form the figure of the statue, while the association itself raised $5,258.10 toward the funds required for the completion. From the Jonathan Phillips Fund, left for beautifying the streets and public squares of Boston, $4,000 was paid for the development of the lot on which the monument stands. The balance of the money required, $12,100, was appropriated and has been paid by our city.

The first favorable action by the city government was a report made to the common council in 1895; and after the natural mutations of legislation and appropriations — although the first contract with the City of Boston failed — a new contract with Paul W. Bartlett for the present statue was executed by the Art Commission, June 2, 1902. Unhappily Mr. Bartlett is absent from our ceremonies to-day, but

THE DEDICATORY EXERCISES

he has sent his congratulations to His Honor the Mayor.

From the time the first of several models was submitted to it, throughout the slow progress of the work, the Art Commission, exercising great care and requiring many improvements, has approved of each detail, until the figure and pedestal, as completed, have met with the approval of the family of Dr. Warren, of experts invited to inspect it, and of the members of the Joseph Warren Monument Association.

The material for the inscription was prepared by President Eliot of Harvard University, with the quotation suggested by His Honor Mayor Collins; the emblems of the Masonic fraternity, of which Joseph Warren was Provincial Grand Master for North America at the time of his death, have been placed under the inscription.

June 14, 1904, at a meeting of the Art Commission held on this spot, the complete monument and its location were formally approved.

The physician's coat — which tradition tells us he wore — representing his profession and daily life, combined with the manuscript under the arm holding the sword, form the sculptor's conception of the doctor, orator, and soldier.

As the master, applying his working tools to the stones of the building as adjusted, declares the work to be "well made, well proved, truly laid," so, in

similar vein, the members of the Art Commission report their approval of *this* creation — heroic in conception, artistic in design, graceful and symmetrical in proportion, faultless in workmanship, appropriately inscribed. They therefore recommend for your acceptance, as Mayor of the City of Boston, this monument as a worthy memorial to a noble man.

SPEECH

By His Honor Mayor Collins.

Mayor Collins, in a speech accepting the statue on behalf of the city, said: "This splendid memorial is an outward sign of inward homage, and Boston is proud to accept it."

The Mayor stated that the sculptor, Mr. Paul W. Bartlett, who is absent in Europe, had sent both a letter and a cablegram expressing his felicitation on the event, and that Captain Newcomb, a direct descendant of General Warren, who had expected to be present, was detained by his military duties in the West, but had sent his congratulations and regrets.

"To-day," concluded the Mayor, "the adequate word for the epoch, the memorable day, and for Joseph Warren, will be spoken by a son of Roxbury, Henry W. Putnam."

EULOGY

BY HENRY W. PUTNAM.

Mr. Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is a beautiful and interesting trait in human nature that a great man's memory is oftener honored at his birthplace than even on the scene of his achievements. We read that seven famous cities claimed the honor of being the birthplace of Homer, — the place where the first inarticulate cry broke from his infant lips, — but it cannot even be intelligently guessed where he composed a line of the poems which have charmed the ages. So truly is the boy the father of the man and the native soil the father of the boy, that, according to the instincts of mankind through all time, the noble statue which is to carry the name and person of Joseph Warren down through the generations could have been nowhere so well placed as where old Roxbury honors herself by erecting it to-day to her greatest son. Not in Faneuil Hall where he so often stirred the heart and guided the judgment of the people; not in the Old South where he challenged the British power to its face with weighty and burning words; not at yonder house

in Milton where he launched the resolves that heralded the irrepressible conflict, fired the Continental Congress, and foreshadowed the great Declaration; not on Bunker Hill itself, could he so fitly stand in monumental bronze.

For here he received at his mother's knee the inspiration that only a mother can give, which shaped his character and made him what he was. Here the country air and simple farm life built up in youth the handsome and stalwart form that endured incessant labor in his country's cause, created the gracious and commanding presence that was to sway men to his will, and put the power and spirit into that bright and open face that glows — nay, almost speaks to us — from Copley's canvas. Here he grew to a vigorous manhood amid that sturdy yeomanry which had founded an independent commonwealth in these trackless wilds, and for generations had tilled their ancestral acres until, in his own beautiful words, "the virgin earth teemed with richest fruits, a grateful recompense for their unwearied toil, the fields began to wave with ripening harvests, and the barren wilderness was seen to blossom like the rose." Here, above all, he inhaled from the very soil that passionate love of liberty which has enrolled his name high among the builders of free states, and which led him gladly, even gaily, to a martyr's death. Here, too, his ashes sleep amid the pleasant shades of Forest Hills.

In the plain farm-house that stood across the way

within the memory of the elders still among us he received from God-fearing parents of the stern Puritan type those precepts which made the best New England character of that day what it was. His father, who died by a fall from an apple-tree in his orchard when the boy was only fourteen years old, said once in his hearing, "I would rather a son of mine were dead than a coward." — a sentiment which sank deeply into the boy's mind. The religious training received from a mother who remained an honored and venerated figure among her neighbors till extreme old age nearly a generation after his death, became a part of his nature, and a book of psalms found upon his person after death is still preserved in his family. In the historic church to which the saintly Apostle to the Indians had ministered for two generations, and which still retained — as it does to-day — the powerful impress of that unique personality, and in the old Grammar School founded by him, the youth was filled with that strong sense of duty and those lofty ideals of conduct which impelled him to high public service. After graduating from college he taught a year in 1760 in this ancient school, now widely known as the Roxbury Latin School. At least one eminent Roxbury man is known to have been his pupil there when a boy. Increase Sumner, who afterwards attained the highest honors in the State as governor and chief justice, always related with gratitude and pride that he had

sat here in his youth at the feet of the patriot Warren, and transmitted the fact as a precious legacy to his children. By a happy coincidence the school now stands upon a part of the Warren farm, and generations of Roxbury boys yet to come will be inspired by this association as their predecessors have been for seventy years, and by his bust looking down upon them in the hall where they daily gather.

This occasion permits only the most cursory review and estimate of Dr. Warren's public career, so momentous in achievement, though, alas! so short in years. From the moment of the Stamp Act agitation in 1765, when he was only twenty-four years old, he was zealous, active, untiring in the patriot movement. He wrote much for the public press, and was from the first Samuel Adams' right-hand man and most trusted confidential adviser. After the latter's departure for the Continental Congress at Philadelphia in 1774, Warren became the unquestioned leader in Massachusetts. His first oration on the anniversary of the Massacre in March, 1772, which first brought him prominently before the public; his formation with Samuel Adams of the Committee of Correspondence in 1773 which united the other towns of the province with Boston in the cause, and thus created the germ of the future union of the Colonies and of the States; and his carefully considered and able statement of

the public grievances which was sent to the different towns, prepared him for the undisputed leadership, which became his with the passage of his Suffolk Resolves in September, 1774, and continued his until his death.

His bold and deliberate declaration in those Resolves "that no obedience is due from this province to either or any of the acts above mentioned; but that they be rejected as the attempts of a wicked administration to enslave America," electrified the country as the first uncompromising utterance of a public representative body proclaiming, even inviting, the inevitable conflict. The clause just quoted from them was in this respect not unlike Lincoln's thoughtful and equally bold and significant declaration in the Douglas debates on the eve of the civil war, that "this country cannot permanently endure half-slave and half-free." Each struck the keynote of the impending struggle, and gave the watchword for it. Lincoln's was the herald of Emancipation; Warren's of Independence. The mind that conceived and framed the Suffolk Resolves was at least as forceful and original as the one that drew the Declaration of Independence; it was more incisive and vigorous in attack, and more eloquent in expression. The Declaration was indeed little more than an expansion of the Resolves made nearly two years after the modest Boston physician had blazed the way.

It is almost the misfortune of Warren, as history should finally know him, that his heroic death overshadows his more heroic life; so completely does the halo of martyrdom conceal the plain chaplet of civic courage and achievement, the emotion of our hearts supplant the calm judgment that would estimate the statesman, and the supreme virtue of self-sacrifice outshine all lesser merits and blind us to them. As we get, however, farther from the contemporary fervor of the Revolution, and look at it in a more detached spirit through the lengthening vista of history, the figure of the statesman stands out in Warren's case in ever bolder relief.

Our amiable but somewhat shallow American passion for fine-sounding titles has — perhaps rather unfortunately — fastened upon him the name of General — an office which he held for only three days before his death, and never exercised. Undoubtedly he was conspicuously a man of action and of the military temperament and aptitude who must inevitably have achieved distinction in the field had he lived. His life-work, however, was in fact a civil one, and was done as plain Dr. Warren, an active and successful physician practising the healing art even up to the last days of his life; of a scholarly and thoughtful turn of mind, who read widely, and thought and studied deeply on the great question of the day, speaking and writing on it with eloquence, incisiveness and power, and giving

unstintedly of his time and strength to the public weal.

It is, therefore, a happy inspiration of the sculptor which presents him to us here in the plain dress of a civilian, and wearing his doctor's coat — in the habit in which all his public work was done, and in which he died. His day-book in the Old South shows that he attended several patients on the very day of his last great oration on March 6, 1775, and that he made regular professional visits as late as May 8, 1775, when the entries cease. A definite and well-authenticated family tradition, — derived originally from the patient herself, and transmitted by her daughter to a nephew of General Warren's whom I knew as an old man less than thirty years ago, and who published it, — says he attended a lady at Dedham very early on the morning of June 17th, and left her in the care of his assistant with the jocular remark that he must go over to Charlestown and have a shot at the British. The same tradition — though less clearly authenticated — makes him call on that morning for the last time upon his mother and his motherless children, at his old home upon this spot, on his way to Dedham from Watertown, where he had presided over the Provincial Congress the evening before. He was absent from the morning session of the Congress on the 17th, as the records show, and doubtless hurried from Dedham to the Committee of Safety at Cam-

bridge early in the forenoon to complete the preparations for the battle before going over to Charlestown himself in the afternoon, — faithful alike to his family, to his patients, to his country, to the very last.

In the great public debate over the right of Parliament to tax and legislate for the colonies Warren's mind, while radical in denying the existence of the right, yet clung loyally to the crown, with a sentiment akin to personal affection, while denying its rightful sovereignty over us. This moderation of attitude — evidently the result of sentiment and an affectionate temperament rather than of intellectual conviction — attracted towards him many of the loyalist part of the population whom it was necessary to win over to the patriot cause if it was to succeed.

At the same time, by denying on the strongest grounds the legal sovereignty of the crown over us, — a denial of peculiar weight coming from one who was personally attached to the crown, — he strengthened the patriot argument greatly at its weakest point. In the great discussion between the Assembly and Governor Hutchinson in January and February, 1773, the argument as presented by Samuel Adams, but really framed in private by John Adams, and resting upon the maxims "no taxation without representation" and "no government without the consent of the governed" had admitted the sovereignty of the

crown from the beginning in granting the first patents to the Colonists, and indeed claimed that our title rested on them, while denying and attempting to disprove that of the Parliament. But nine-tenths — perhaps ninety-nine one-hundredths — of the people of England itself were no more represented in Parliament, in any real sense, than the Colonists were, and the Colonists on the other hand would not have acquiesced in the Stamp Act, the duty on tea, the Port Bill, the Regulating Act, and the quartering of soldiers in the town, if they had been represented in Parliament. So that the argument was theoretical rather than practical, and did not quite go to the root of the trouble.

Moreover, as the revolution of 1688 in England and the fall of the Stuarts had practically transferred the supreme power from the crown to Parliament, and Parliament itself had taken the crown from the Stuarts and settled it first upon the house of Orange, and next upon that of Hanover, Governor Hutchinson's argument that therefore the real sovereign power over us, which the patriots' committee admitted to have been originally in the crown in the days of the Stuart absolutism, must now reside in Parliament, was a strong one; and the patriot reply was, to say the least, not wholly convincing. If the question had really been one of law at all, the dispassionate reader to-day of that most able debate must admit that the Royalists made out

rather the stronger case, if our original title was really derived from the crown.

Those maxims were, at best, lawyers' formulae rather than elemental truths appealing to the natural reason of laymen. The admission just mentioned as accompanying them was too lawyerlike and conservative, and attached too much effect to paper muniments of title from the crown, — to mere parchment and sealing wax, — to touch quite vividly enough the real issue that was seething in the minds of men. It is an interesting fact that John Adams states in his diary that he inserted them in the draft of the Assembly's reply privately submitted to him for revision by Samuel Adams, the chairman of the Assembly's committee, and struck out as too vague the more general argument based upon the natural rights of man which he suspected had been inserted by his friend Dr. Warren.

But this suppression was only temporary. A broader and more convincing popular appeal addressed to practical common sense and natural feeling became a necessity. It was the striking contribution of Warren to this debate and his inestimable service to his country that he made this appeal two years later in the Old South in the final summing up before the clash of arms. In it he brought out boldly and clearly that the question was not a legal one so much as one of natural right and popular conviction, — a political one in the

highest and truest sense, — and thus lifted the cause of liberty out of the field of legal abstractions into that of natural rights of the most elementary kind which men are willing to die for and which all successful revolutionary movements must in the end stand upon.

This he did by asserting, at the outset of his address, that the crown never had any sovereignty originally to give us or to withhold from us; that the Colonists alone held the sovereignty by treaty from the natives; and that if the crown, which was, in those days, practically absolute, never had any sovereignty over us by right of discovery, *a fortiori* Parliament had none then or now.

Listen with me a moment to his own terse and almost contemptuous rejection of the idea that the British crown had — even in the days of James I. — any sovereignty to give to the original settlers: "This country, having been discovered by an English subject in the year 1620 was (according to the system which the blind superstition of those times supported) deemed the property of the crown of England. Our ancestors, when they resolved to quit their native soil, obtained from King James a grant of certain lands in North America. This they probably did to silence the cavils of their enemies, for it cannot be doubted but they despised the pretended right which he claimed thereto. Certain it is that he might with equal propriety and justice have made them a grant of the

planet Jupiter, and their subsequent conduct plainly shows that they were too well acquainted with humanity and the principles of natural equity to suppose that the grant gave them any right to take possession; they therefore entered into a treaty with the natives and bought from them the lands. Nor have I yet obtained any information that our ancestors ever pleaded or that the natives ever regarded the grant from the English crown. The business was transacted by the parties in the same independent manner that it would have been had neither of them ever known or heard of the Island of Great Britain."

In other words, the patents to the Colonists were really mere passports, not grants at all; the crown a mere suzerain, not a sovereign; and he goes on, at length, to elaborate and supplement this view from the subsequent history of the Colony, drawing a beautiful picture of the Colonists, free, happy, prosperous, and in all but name independent.

Here at last, after ten years of popular agitation and discontent, and of discussion in which the patriot leaders either shrank from the real logic of the situation or were groping blindly to find it, bedrock is reached, — the very core of the revolutionary case, — the purchase of the soil from the natives, followed by its actual settlement, cultivation, development, and government by five generations of freemen, — boldly and clearly proclaimed in the very faces of the British officers, who sat menac-

ingly on the pulpit-stairs and all round him, and of Governor Gage in the Mansion House across the way. It was doubtless too bold an argument for a lawyer to have put forward; and yet we can see now — as Warren did at the time — that it stood on stronger grounds even from a legal point of view than did that made by the lawyers, for the flimsy abstract claim of sovereignty in the crown over a hemisphere by virtue of mere private discovery — a mere legal fiction at best — was really the weakest point in the royal case, and was completely met, as a matter of abstract right, by the Colonists' actual occupation for generations under a grant from the native owners of the soil. These affirmative facts and the further ones, — which he brings out into strong relief, — that they had legislated for themselves for a century and a half, that Great Britain had sought to interfere only after the Colonists had grown so rich and prosperous as to be a tempting source of imperial revenue, and that we were separated from her by three thousand miles of ocean, were really the gist and kernel of the whole situation.

Warren had reached this advanced but strong position gradually, by study and reflection. Nine years before, at the time of the Stamp Act agitation, he was still in the infancy of the question and in the toils of the legal argument. In a letter to a friend in England in March, 1766, he speaks of our

liberties as having been "granted and received as acts of favor," but as being, nevertheless, somehow irrevocable, he does not show — doubtless did not see — how. Now he sees clearly that England had given us nothing to revoke, and had no more title to give than she had in the planet Jupiter. Our liberties, in effect our independence, had always been our own of right by original acquisition of the soil from its owners and peaceful settlement thereon.

His picture of the Massacre, the anniversary of which he was commemorating, is a powerful and pathetic one. Its appeal to the feelings of the reader is irresistible, as it must have been to those of his hearers. But it is direct and open; rhetorical, it is true, but not demagogic; there is nothing of the Mark Antony about it, none of the adroit subtlety of malign purpose, no insidious appeal to the violent passions. It is brief and moderate, and wholly secondary to the main argument of his address.

The little incident of his good naturedly, even playfully, dropping his handkerchief over the bullets which one of the officers, angered at his argument, threateningly held up before him, shows a tact and *bonhomie* which fitted in well with this temperate character of his address, and must have added greatly to its effectiveness.

It is interesting to note that this seemingly radical, yet really most conservative and sensible, argument

was delivered by the orator calmly and conversationally, as if it were obvious and a matter of course. A Tory eye-witness, — who would doubtless have exaggerated any inflammatory attempt by the orator, — gives us a vivid glimpse of him. He says Dr. Warren stood "with a white handkerchief in his hand and his left hand in his breeches — began and ended without action" — just as a cool Yankee would talk about public matters to his fellow townsmen in the country to-day. No attempt to inflame the popular passions or set riot on foot; no rhetorical flaunting of sophistries or false issues; simply a plain heart-to-heart talk with the people about the root of the matter, precisely as Lincoln afterwards talked to them in the Douglas debates, — thoughtfully, soberly, moderately, but uncompromisingly; speaking of independence not as a thing to be won by violence, or even to be won at all, — on the contrary he deprecated rupture or war, — but as already existing, as having existed in substance for generations, and as now wrongfully sought to be overthrown by Parliament.

"An independence on Great Britain is not our aim," he says. "No, our wish is, that Britain and the colonies, like the oak and ivy, grow and increase in strength together." He, however, reveals the mettle of the Colonists clearly by the following significant clause evidently put in as at once a last warning and a challenge to the British: "But if these pacific meas-

ures are ineffectual, and it appears that the only way to safety is through fields of blood, I know you will not turn your faces from your foes, but will undauntedly press forward, until tyranny is trodden under foot and you have fixed your adored goddess Liberty, fast by a Brunswick's side, on the American throne." After this the British had no choice but to withdraw or fight.

The same Tory observer says he was "applauded by the mob; but groaned at by people of understanding." In fact the oration was addressed to neither, in the sense in which the words are used by the writer. The mob needed no inciting; the Tories were inaccessible to argument. Warren was in reality addressing himself to that thoughtful remnant which generally decides the issue in popular movements,—those who loved liberty and its guaranties under English law with a deep and reverent conviction, and who also loved the mother country and the monarchy, but who if they must choose between the two would choose the former. He showed them that if in the last resort they must so choose, they were choosing only what they had always had by highest right. Those that were not in the audience would read his words in print, and together they would turn the scale. When he sat down, his life-work had been really achieved. He had framed the vital issue and forced it upon his opponents in the right way and at the right moment, and in doing so he

took his assured position among the great statesmen of his country.

It is clear enough why Dr. Warren himself sought this opportunity to address his countrymen. He felt his special mission. He and Samuel Adams, who presided at the meeting, both knew that he was the man for the moment. He had already fleshed his maiden sword in responsible leadership in the town meeting on the Port Bill in the preceding June, in the County Convention which adopted his Suffolk Resolves in September, in the Provincial Congress in January and February. He knew and felt his power, and knew that it was recognized by others; he knew just what the patriot argument needed, and that nobody had thought it out, or could present it, so clearly as he; he knew, above all, with the instinct of a man of action, that the decisive moment was at hand, and that he was the man to give the signal, — not for the patriots, but for the royalists, — to move. Lord North humorously called the regiments which were compelled by the patriots under the lead of Samuel Adams to leave the town after the Massacre, "Sam Adams' regiments." We may with almost equal truth call the regiments which marched out to Lexington and Concord under Pitcairn and Percy "Warren's regiments." After his last oration they had to go; if he had been their colonel they could hardly have done his bidding more promptly or more exactly to his liking.

Warren's uncompromising insistence on the substance of independence, — well knowing that the name must soon follow the reality, coupled as it was with a certain thoughtful and sober emphasis also upon the ties of affection and loyalty toward the mother country, and his enforcement of both these views with cogency of thought, and directness and eloquence of speech, are not unlike Lincoln's unyielding opposition, in the Douglas debates, to the extension of slavery, well knowing that this must in time soon bring about its total disappearance, yet not in terms countenancing abolition, much less threatening a war for its extermination. The two are alike, also, in resting their respective cases on distinctly moral or natural grounds as distinguished from legal ones, — the latter being if anything rather against them in each case. Each uttered the last most authoritative and influential word immediately prior to and leading up to the arbitrament of war; each put his country's cause on the strongest ground for the coming conflict, and its enemy in the wrong. Lincoln led his country up to Sumter, as Warren led it up to Lexington, — to the wars which created and which saved the Union, — and in each case the enemy was made to fire the first shot. The two achievements seem to me the most dramatic, as well as momentous, in the civil history of our country, and it would be hard to say which was the greater.

The merits of this discussion of 1765–1775 are ancient history to us of to-day; but the man who boldly threw the gauntlet down to arbitrary power and truculent militarism in their very lair, supported his challenge with cogent and unanswerable logic, enforced it with overmastering eloquence of expression, and precipitated the appeal to arms, which shortly followed, in such a manner as to make the British the aggressors, put them wholly in the wrong, and put the Colonists on the defensive against aggression with their case made up for the bar of public opinion and of impartial history on its strongest possible ground, — this man is a statesman of the first rank and for all time if there ever was one. No wonder that when, in the early dawn of April 19th, Warren stepped into the boat to cross the Charlestown ferry on his way to Lexington he exclaimed, with a flash of triumph, to his friends: — "Keep up brave heart. They have begun it, — that either party can do; and we will end it, — that only one can do."

As a mere piece of splendid oratory Warren's last address is hardly inferior even to the famous outburst of Patrick Henry a few weeks later in the old church at Richmond; as an aggressive attack, at great personal risk, upon an armed enemy to his face and in his stronghold, it is unique in the history of great oratory; as a step in the Revolutionary debate it was the great closing argument for the patriot cause, not only summing up the familiar arguments, but

adding the new and powerful one I have mentioned, which the British could and did answer only by the appeal to arms.

It has been profoundly said, "Let me write the songs of a people, and I care not who makes their laws." Of revolutionary epochs it may be said, with equal truth, "Show me the man who moulds the thought of a people, and I care not who holds their offices or commands their armies." To be concrete, if we were speaking of the greatest of modern revolutions, we might say, "Show me the men — Voltaire, Rousseau and the rest — who transformed the mind of France, and I care little who guillotined her hapless King and Queen, or who led the armies of the tricolor to Madrid and to Moscow." The real makers of our country, in the broad historic sense, are the little group of men who formed and led the popular thought in Boston in the years immediately preceding April 19, 1775; and among these Warren seems to me to stand pre-eminent as the strongest thinker, the master mind, the first statesman. Samuel Adams was the undoubted leader of the movement until 1774, as the tireless and uncompromising agitator, organizer, and manager, ever radical and aggressive; but he was not conspicuously an original or progressive thinker, and was not an orator. James Otis culminated in the purely legal argument against the writs of assistance in 1760, and mental disease prevented a great career

for him after that. John Adams' great life-work was done in the Continental Congress, and later. He kept aloof from active leadership or even participation in the pre-revolutionary propaganda in Boston, with the remark — quoting Lear and referring to Otis — "That way madness lies"; while John Hancock's leadership was rather social and commercial than intellectual. Warren alone, in this period, grew steadily in grasp and reach of thought, in power of expression, and in his hold upon the popular confidence, through the rapidly-shifting drama of those momentous years, and he reached his powerful climax and his undisputed leadership in thought and action at the close of the civil debate, March 6, 1775.

His personality seems to have been that rare and fine compound of ardor and even impetuosity of temperament with sobriety and coolness of judgment in important crises; of radical convictions with moderate statement and a conservative, and even clinging, affection for whatever is good in the existing order of things; of boldness — even recklessness — in action, with wisdom and even caution in counsel. Passing a group of British officers one evening in Cornhill he exclaimed to his companion: "I hope some time we shall wade knee-deep in those fellows' blood"; yet even after Lexington he hoped and worked for reconciliation. As he walked out over the Neck one day to visit his mother, here in Roxbury, one of a group of officers called out to him as he

passed, near what is now Dover street, "Go on, Warren, you will soon come to the gallows,"— which stood on the Neck a short distance beyond. Turning on his heel, and walking straight up to them, unarmed as he was, he demanded peremptorily which of them had said it. None dared reply; all turned and walked away. Yet he advised strongly and wisely against fortifying Bunker Hill, — so near the enemy, so far from our reserves, with our forces so raw and unorganized. A remarkable blending of opposites into a symmetrical and brilliant whole. John Adams — the highest possible authority on such a question — in his extreme old age and retirement half a century later, looking back on those years, spoke of Dr. Warren, who had been his personal friend and family physician, and Josiah Quincy, Jr., who died even more prematurely, as the finest minds and characters of the period preceding the war.

The die was now cast, and with his oration of March 6th, Warren's "hundred days" begin, a period crowded with vigorous, stirring, incessant action. Events move rapidly. He is now the undisputed and recognized leader. His ardent temperament plunged him at once into the absorbing and congenial work of the Committee of Safety, of which he was chairman, and of the Provincial Congress, of which he was President. On April 3d he writes to a friend in England: "America must and will be free.

The contest may be severe; the end will be glorious." On the eve of Lexington he sent Paul Revere on his famous midnight errand, and early the next morning himself hurried to the scene of action, followed it all day, and narrowly escaped death by a ball which carried away a lock of his hair.

The next day he wrote a passionate and stirring appeal to the towns for men, in which he says: "Our all is at stake. Death and devastation are the instant consequences of delay. Every moment is infinitely precious. An hour lost may deluge your country in blood, and entail perpetual slavery upon the few of your posterity who may survive the carnage. We beg and entreat, as you will answer to your country, to your own consciences, and, above all, as you will answer to God himself, that you will hasten and encourage by all possible means the enlistment of men to form the army, and send them forward to headquarters at Cambridge with that expedition which the vast importance and instant urgency of the affair demand."

On the same day he wrote to General Gage about the removal from Boston of those inhabitants who desired to leave, and adds candidly and regretfully: "I have many things which I wish to say to Your Excellency, and most sincerely wish I had broken through the formalities which I thought due to your rank, and freely have told you all I knew or thought of public affairs; and I must ever confess, whatever

may be the event, that you generously gave me such opening, as I now think I ought to have embraced; but the true cause of my not doing it was the knowledge I had of the vileness and treachery of many persons around you, who, I supposed, had gained your entire confidence."

On April 27th he writes to a friend in England warning the mother country of the critical condition of affairs, and closes as follows: "The next news from England must be conciliatory, or the connection between us ends, however fatal the consequences may be. Prudence may yet alleviate the misfortunes and calm the convulsions into which the empire is thrown by the madness of the present Administration. May Almighty God direct you. If anything is proposed that may be for the honor and safety of Great Britain and these Colonies, my utmost efforts shall not be wanting."

Offered the position of Physician General in the patriot army he declined it, and "preferring a more active and hazardous employment" he accepted a Major-General's commission on June 14th.

The tragedy of his death is immeasurably enhanced by the fact that, though his advice had been against fortifying the Charlestown heights, yet with absolute loyalty both to the military commanders and to his country he acquiesced, and threw himself with ardor into the redoubt, the very centre of the hottest fire. Friends remonstrated with him the evening before

for the unnecessary exposure of himself which he proposed; but he replied sublimely, with a smile, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." On the field itself, at the rail fence where he first arrived, his old friend Israel Putnam begged him,—after he had modestly declined the proffered command there,—to keep himself in a place of safety and let older and less valuable lives be exposed to the fire. He, however, insisted chivalrously upon seeking the post of greatest danger in the redoubt, where he also declined the command tendered him by Prescott, saying that he came only as a volunteer to learn from more experienced fighters. He fought musket in hand, being the last to withdraw when retreat became necessary. Struck in the side by a ball which he believed to be fatal, and bleeding profusely from the wound, he cried out, "I am a dead man; fight on, my brave fellows, for the salvation of your country." The next moment a bullet pierced his brain and all was over.

The pathos and glory of his death make him the bright exemplar of the patriot hero of the Revolution and of all time. Happy the city that can honor such a memory among her sons, that embraces within her historic borders the scenes of his birth, of his deeds, of his death, and can raise his effigy as a model and an inspiration to her citizens, to their fellow-countrymen, to all lovers of liberty, forever! Fondly and sadly will the imagination always dwell on the

career that would have been his had he lived. We shall picture him as the friend and associate of Washington in the field, and later in the councils which framed and launched the new republic, and shall see him achieving the fame which must have been his in both civil and military affairs. Yet we would not have it otherwise if we could! We would not rob of one of its noblest members that shining band of the world's immortal youth who in every age and in many lands have, in the bright morning of life, gloriously given all for freedom, for country, for mankind!

THE PARADE.

CAPT ISAAC P GRAGG AND STAFF

ROSTER OF THE PARADE.

WHILE the official city exercises were being held at the monument, the parade formed on Winthrop and Moreland streets, the Chief Marshal's headquarters being at the junction of Greenfield and Winthrop streets. The organization, numbering in all about 1,500 men, reported promptly at eleven o'clock, and a ration of coffee and sandwiches was served to them in line. The formation of the column was as follows:

Mounted Police, eight men under Sergt. George H. Guard.

Chief Marshal, Capt. Isaac P. Gragg.

Assistant Adjutant-General, Capt. Oliver D. Greene.

Chief Marshal's Colors (blue and buff), Sergt. John C. Aken, bearer.
Bugler, Harry F. Greene.

STAFF.

Chief Aid, Lieut.-Col. John Perrins, Jr.; Quartermaster, Capt. Winthrop M. Merrill; Commissary, Charles B. Woolley; Surgeon, Major William H. Emery; Assistant Surgeon, Lieut. Joseph C. Stedman; Assistant Surgeon, C. Earle Williams.

AIDS.

Capt. Charles W. C. Rhoades, Capt. Albert W. Hersey, Lieut. John D. Drum, Lieut. Frederick B. Philbrook, Lieut. Daniel A. Buckley, Sergt.-Maj. George W. States, Sergt. Elon F. Tandy, Adjt. John Gilman, Jr.; P. C., John C. Cook, William B. C. Noyes, and John L. Kelley.

First Regiment Heavy Artillery M. V. M. Band.

Battery D — First Regiment Heavy Artillery, M. V. M.—Roxbury City Guard, formerly the Roxbury Artillery Company, organized in 1784; Capt. Joseph H. Frothingham, 1st Lieut. Norman P. Cormack, 2d Lieut. Frederick Spenceley — 100 men.

Company C, Ninth Regiment, M. V. M., Capt. Thomas F. Quinlan, 1st Lieut. Maurice E. Bowler, 2d Lieut. Michael J. King — 60 men.

Troop D, First Battalion, Cavalry, M. V. M., Capt. William H. Kelley, 1st Lieut. Eugene A. Colburn, 2d Lieut. Samuel T. Sinclair — 70 men.

Provisional Detachment of the Naval Brigade, M. V. M., composed of Roxbury men — Lieut. William A. Lewis, Lieut. Dudley M. Tray, Ensign Edward A. Stowe — 70 men.

Officers of the Joseph Warren Monument Association and the Roxbury Historical Society in carriages:

FIRST CARRIAGE.

Solomon A. Bolster, president; L. Foster Morse, vice-president; John F. Newton, vice-president; John Carr, treasurer; with banner carried at the Lexington Centennial in 1875.

SECOND CARRIAGE.

Frank B. Perkins, Lewis B. Morse, George H. Waterman and Francis J. Ward, with banner carried by the Roxbury delegation at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument.

THIRD CARRIAGE.

George R. Emerson, Dr. Edward G. Morse, William O. Curtis, and Herbert F. Morse.

FOURTH CARRIAGE.

Dependence S. Waterman, Henry A. May, Dr. George Warren, and J. L. Hillard.

CARTER'S BAND.

Thomas G. Stevenson Post 26, G. A. R., William B. Gove, commander; Joseph E. Stevens, S. V. C.; Edwin S. Davis, J. V. C.; Adjt. David L. Jones — 75 men.

Roxbury Command 291, Spanish War Veterans, Commander Frank H. Hall, 1st Lieut. John Gately, 2d Lieut. George S. Hazlett — 75 men.

Nelson A. Miles Camp, Sons of Veterans, Commander Sherwin L. Cook; S. V. C., Frederick H. Robinson; J. V. C., J. H. Stevenson — 30 men.

Third Battalion, Second Regiment Boston School Brigade, Roxbury and West Rexbury High Schools, Maj. Charles H. Kent, Adjt. Henry W. Stucklen.

Company A — Capt. Frederick A. Cronin, Lieut. Norman F. Faunce, Lieut. Walter E. Kelley.

Company B — Capt. Stanley H. Packard, Lieut. Leon T. Allen, Lieut. Albert E. Kelleher.

Company C — Capt. Joseph R. Gillis, Lieut. William J. Deed, jr., Lieut. Frank S. Lane.

Company G — Capt. T. Frank Walsh, Lieut. John J. Reilley, Lieut. Lamert S. Corbett — 165 men.

Dudley School Cadets, in charge of Sub-Master Edward F. O'Dowd.

Drum Corps, Sergt. George Harrington, leader.

Company A — Capt. Henry Hayes, 1st Lieut. George Conklin, 2d Lieut, Clifford Munroe.

Company B — Capt. Walter McCarthy, 1st Lieut. Henry Conklin, 2d Lieut. Walter Vatter — 70 men.

BOSTON CADET BAND.

Warren Lodge 18, I. O. O. F. — Noble Grand Thomas Hunter, Secretary William L. Hicks — 50 men.

Putnam Lodge 81, I. O. O. F. — Noble Grand John V. Anderson, Secretary Lewis A. Sommers — 50 men.

Quinobequin Lodge 70, I. O. O. F. — Noble Grand Howard A. S. Dixon, Secretary Rudolph Lippold — 50 men.

Roxbury Lodge 211, I. O. O. F. — Noble Grand C. Henry Lenth, Secretary Horace H. Burnham — 35 men.

POSTAL ASSOCIATION BAND.

Roxbury Postal Association — Commander D. J. McCarthy, Adjt. D. J. Gleason — 100 men.

Clan Ramsay 145, Order of Scottish Clans (Bagpipe and Drum Band) — Chief William N. McLeod, Secretary Thomas Donald — 75 men.

Roxbury Veteran Firemen's Association (with old hand-engine, Tremont 7) — President John Mulhern, Secretary John McCarthy. Carriage containing Thomas J. Downey, Dennis A. Kneeland, John Coffey, and D. J. Curley — 75 men.

Detachment from Boston Fire Department — District Chief Edward H. Sawyer, commanding.

Engine Company 13 (with hose wagon) — Capt. W. J. Gaffey, Lieut. T. E. Conroy — 10 men.

Combination Ladder Truck, Ladder 6 — Capt. J. P. McManus, Lieut. D. McLean — 10 men.

Protective Department Wagon — Capt. Henry E. Thompson, Lieut. John H. Lane — 7 men.

Mounted Police — 2 men.

The line of march was about three miles long. The column started promptly at 12 o'clock from the corner of Winthrop street and Kearsarge avenue, and moved over Kearsarge avenue to Warren street, past the Warren Monument, where it was reviewed by the Mayor, Brig.-Gen. N. A. M. Dudley, and the city's guests; thence through Warren street to Waumbeck street, to Humboldt and Walnut avenues, to Dale, Oakland, Thornton, Ellis and Hawthorne streets, to Highland avenue, to Fort Avenue, to Cedar and

Highland streets, to Eliot square, to Bartlett street, where it was reviewed by the Chief Marshal and dismissed.

Every street along the route was crowded with sightseers. Roxbury's local population was augmented by several thousand persons from other sections of the city. The decorations of the residences on the route of march gave that section of old Roxbury the look of a true holiday.

THE BANQUET.

THE BANQUET.

AT three o'clock in the afternoon about two hundred representative citizens of Roxbury assembled in Symposia Hall, Masonic Temple, for the banquet. They were received with cordial hospitality by the Masonic brethren, who permitted an inspection of the various halls decorated for the occasion with palms and potted plants. Before going in to dinner an informal reception was held by Governor Bates in the Lodge room.

The Hon. Solomon A. Bolster, president of the general committee, sat at the head of the table. With him were His Excellency John L. Bates, Governor of the Commonwealth, who was accompanied by Lieut.-Col. John Perrins, Jr., and Maj. William M. Clarke of his staff; His Honor Patrick A. Collins, Mayor of the City; the Hon. Charles S. Hamlin, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; the Hon. John A. Sullivan, member of Congress; the Hon. Charles T. Gallagher, representing the Masonic fraternity; L. Foster Morse, Esq., Capt.

Isaac P. Gragg, the Chief Marshal, and the Rev. Frederick W. Hamilton.

The dinner having been served, Colonel Bolster spoke briefly, welcoming the guests to the festival, and introducing the Hon. William M. Olin as toast-master.

THE BAS RELIEF ON THE WARREN MONUMENT

ADDRESS

Of His Excellency John L. Bates,

Governor of Massachusetts.

Mr. Toastmaster, Fellow-citizens :

It is a pleasure to respond to your introduction, and to greet this audience. This event shows that the citizens of Roxbury have long memories, and are of those who, in the full enjoyment of the blessings of liberty, forget neither the names of those who made possible that liberty nor the price they paid for it.

While the erection of a monument to Joseph Warren has been long delayed, its dedication at this time is all the more significant; it indicates the strength of a life that can so move men over the expanse of a hundred years. The world is familiar with those spasms of sentiment that cause the erection of memorials to the departed while the heart still grieves and the shadow of the loss still oppresses, but rare, indeed, are the occasions when after the

lapse of a century a people are moved to honor one as you to-day honor Warren.

One characteristic of the man seemed to dominate his entire life. It was his unselfishness. The vision of some men is limited to the horizon of self. Warren was far-sighted. His horizon was as broad as his country. Intense was his love of his countrymen. "Your life is too valuable, risk it not in battle," they said to him. But he knew of nothing too valuable to risk for the liberties of men.

In this spirit he typified all that is best in this Commonwealth. Massachusetts has made a wonderful record of achievement. Her sons and daughters have been successful. They have made great conquests in the fields of industry, invention, art and science. She has accumulated great wealth. She has built up a marvellous prosperity on a barren soil of rock and sand. But it is not these things that have made her truly great. Her greatness rather is in the fact that she has not lived to herself alone. Like Warren, she has looked out upon a broad horizon, and her renown is not because of what she has done within her borders, but rather because of what she has done beyond. It was not for Massachusetts alone that her minute-men gathered at Concord Bridge, but for twelve other colonies as well. It was not to give her alone liberty that her patriots died on Bunker's Hill, but that the principles of liberty might be vindicated for the oppressed everywhere. It was not for Massachusetts

that Garrison, Sumner, and Phillips spent their lives, but for the enslaved far away. It was not for Massachusetts that our Sixth Regiment marched through Baltimore, nor was it for Massachusetts, but for humanity's sake, that her Second and her Ninth Regiments held the right and the left of the line at Santiago. Her inventors have given not to her, but to the world, the cotton gin, the sewing machine, the telegraph, the telephone. Her wealth, accumulated by tireless industry, has not been hoarded in her vaults, but has gone forth to build the railways and the cities, to develop the prairies and mines of the West. Her institutions of learning have opened their doors to the youth of every land, and her preachers, her poets, and her statesmen have proclaimed truths, sung songs, and vindicated policies for the uplifting of men everywhere. As the representative of such a Commonwealth, I come to-day to express her congratulations that here, near his old home, the descendants of his old neighbors, and those who have joined them in this community, have seen fit to honor a memory that Massachusetts will ever hold dear — the memory of Warren, the Patriot.

ADDRESS

By His Honor Patrick A. Collins,

Mayor of Boston.

Mr. Toastmaster, Fellow-citizens:

I congratulate the citizens of this part of the town on their achievement culminating to-day in erecting a monument to Roxbury's most illustrious son. I congratulate the committee on this gala day, made possible by contributions from the citizens of Roxbury, and without any application having been made to the city treasury, a fact which makes me feel that this is a district whose people do their own thinking and pay their own bills.

Such a memorial as the Warren Monument has not merely an artistic, but an educational and patriotic value. It arrests the attention of the passer by, and directs his attention to a career. This monument will teach a lesson of patriotism through Warren's example of sacrifice. No extremely selfish man can ever make a true patriot; and to-day, as in the past, every good citizen must make whatever sacrifice is

necessary to that eternal vigilance which is still the price of liberty.

This is what the Warren Monument will teach; it will inspire the men, the women, and the children of all future generations to learn from the past, and to become better citizens of Boston, of the Commonwealth, and of the Republic.

SPEECH

BY THE HON. CHARLES S. HAMLIN.

GENTLEMEN, — It gives me pleasure to come back to Roxbury and to take part in this truly memorable occasion. I feel that I have a right to be here, for the greater part of my early life was passed in Roxbury.

I remember so well the many delightful days I have spent roaming through the woods and over the meadows. In those days Roxbury was more sparsely settled than it is to-day, and French's woods, Harris' pond, and the lowering cliffs of Washington street, then called Shawmut avenue, afforded ample playgrounds for adventurous youth. I could spend much time telling you of my experiences in the public schools — the Primary School at Winthrop street, then presided over by Miss Brooks — and I am told that she is living and teaching to-day — of the Lewis School, of the Roxbury Latin School, where I spent seven profitable years. I could tell of the excellent instruction we received in that school, especially in Latin; I could tell of the

contests between the Latin School boys and their Roxbury High School companions, of the military drills and the contests arising therein. I remember so well other diversions of boyhood — the Old Institute Hall, where we used to gather together in competition at spelling bees; of the blood-curdling tragedy known as the "Drummer Boy of Malvern Hill," which used to be given yearly for some charitable purpose — the Roxbury Horse Guards, with their blue uniforms, taking the part of the Union troops, and another organization — I think it was called the Norfolk Grays — taking the Confederate side. I remember well the entertainments provided by the city on the Fourth of July, and many other interesting events, more so perhaps to me than to you.

I wish I had time to say something of the many valued citizens of Roxbury whose memory we will always cherish — of Dr. Putnam, William Lloyd Garrison, Edward Everett Hale, Charles Dillaway, Mr. Weston, Principal of the Roxbury High School, and that renowned educator, Mr. Collar, still with us, and carrying on his valuable work. I could speak of Colonel Hodges of the Roxbury Horse Guards, of Mayors Curtis and Lewis, of Samuel Little, of Mayor Gaston, and Colonel Olin, the Secretary of State, whom we are delighted to see here to-day; nor should we forget the impressive personality of Admiral Winslow.

But time will not suffice for these reminiscences, and I must come directly to the subject of my short address.

It is most difficult to realize the wonderful development of our country since Colonial days. The early Colonists, originally more or less independent communities, soon found that they must come together and enter into a kind of confederation to meet the assaults of hostile Indians; then quickly followed the irritating differences with the mother country, which brought forth the Committees of Correspondence; the next step produced the Continental Congress, which proclaimed that marvelous document, the Declaration of Independence; the transition from the Articles of Confederation, which followed, to our present Constitutional government need only be mentioned, as it is familiar to all.

We owe much to General Warren — one of the original founders of our country's greatness. He gave up his life to lay the corner-stone on which our country's prosperity was to be built, and it is fitting that we should gather together to-day to honor his memory.

We must recognize, however, great change in our government, comparing the present time with the period following the establishment of the Constitution. The United States has changed with years. We have to-day a very different idea of our government from that held in early times. Even under the Constitu-

tion the prevailing theory was that the United States at that time meant little more than a Confederation of States. Bolder theorists, such as Hamilton, were looked upon as extremists. It was only under the inspiring judicial decisions of John Marshall that the conception of a National Union took a firm place in the minds of our people. This conception has been further developed until at home and abroad we recognize that our National government is one great nation, and that this national unity can exist without conflicting with the rights of the Confederated States — rights as valuable to-day, and which should be held as sacred to-day, as at any time in our national history. We must recognize, I say, this national unity as universal, although in striking contrast with the once prevailing opinion that the rights of the states were paramount, and that of the nation secondary. This radical change we shall recognize at once when we consider the term "United States," as used in present and in olden times.

In the treaty with Great Britain, after the Revolutionary War, the term "United States" was followed by the plural verb; in the treaty with Spain, however, after the recent Spanish War, this spirit of national unity was recognized by a single verb following the term "United States." This is but the recognition of what we all know to be a fact — that we stand forth to-day as a nation.

If I can only bring one suggestion, one thought,

home to your minds, I would wish it to be this — that while there may be political differences amongst us in town, city, country or state, yet when it comes to questions concerning nations — international questions — we can know no such differences, but will confront other nations as one united, harmonious people.

WARREN AS A MASON.

RESPONDED TO BY THE HON. CHARLES T. GALLAGHER,

PAST GRAND MASTER OF THE GRAND LODGE OF MASONS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

After paying a tribute to the men of Roxbury and the Joseph Warren organization for the great work they had accomplished, culminating in the events of the day, Mr. Gallagher spoke in substance as follows :

In the war in which Warren fell Masonry occupied a prominent part. At the time of his death the patriot, himself a member of the old St. Andrew's Lodge, was Provincial Grand Master of Masons of North America. Gridley, the engineer who laid out the fortifications at Bunker Hill, was Deputy Grand Master. Warren, Bowdoin, and Pemberton, all Masons, were of the Committee to commemorate the Boston Massacre, and Warren served with John Hancock and Paul Revere, both former Grand Masters, on the Committee of Public Safety. Thomas Dawes, another Mason, was sent out by Warren, on the same errand as Paul Revere, to alarm Concord

and Lexington on the night of April 18, 1775. Pulling, who hung the lantern in the North Church for Revere, was a Mason of Marblehead Lodge. The party that destroyed the Gaspé started from a Masonic Lodge in Narragansett Bay; and the greater part of the men of the Boston Tea Party went directly from the St. Andrew's lodge room, in the Green Dragon Tavern on Union street, to Griffin's Wharf, where they threw the tea into the harbor — in fact, so prominent were Masons in those troublous times that the British looked upon the St. Andrew's lodge room in Green Dragon Tavern as "a nest where rebel plots were hatched." In the British ranks at Bunker Hill it was a Mason — an officer — who prevented the severing of Warren's head from his body, and protested, though in vain, against the hero's burial in a trench with common soldiers.

All of Washington's generals were Masons — Lafayette, the last to join the order, being made a Mason at Valley Forge. In the formation of the government, moreover, Masonry was as important a factor as in the war. A majority at least of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and of the members of the Constitutional Convention were Masons. And all these exemplified in their lives the principles of the order which inspires, at all times, devotion to country and resistance to oppression and tyranny.

The only thing akin to aristocracy and royalty in outward form was found in the regalia and symbols

of the fraternity; and the principles of equality, representative elections of officers, submission to rulers in authority for the time being, the sovereignity of the various Grand Lodges independent of each other, the simplicity of the order, and the high moral character and standard observed, all combined to suggest principles and forms of government that found expression in the various local and state political administrations; in fact, the anti-Masonic crusade from 1826 to 1834, beginning with the quarrel between DeWitt Clinton, Grand Master and Governor of New York, and Thurlow Weed, was purely and entirely a political attack on the order that was feared as a possible political organization, because it resembled the existing methods of government administration.

From Warren, who faithfully served the principles of Masonry and liberty, the patriot of to-day may learn the lesson taught by his nobility of character and his loyalty to country.

"His life was gentle,
And the elements so mixed in him
That nature might stand up and say to all the world,
This was a man."

EXERCISES AT THE CHURCH.

THE LITERARY EXERCISES.

THE closing event of the day's celebration was a public meeting in the First Church in Eliot square. It was attended by several hundred persons, and among those present were delegations from the Joseph Warren Monument Association, the Roxbury Historical Society, the Masonic Lodges of Roxbury, Thomas G. Stevenson Post 26, G. A. R., and Nelson A. Miles Camp 46, Sons of Veterans.

The church was decorated within and without with the national colors and festoons of laurel. A marble bust of Warren, surmounted by silk flags, occupied a place of honor beneath the elevated pulpit.

The order of exercises was as follows:

PROGRAMME.

FIRST CHURCH IN ROXBURY.

EVENING SERVICE — DEDICATION JOSEPH WARREN MONUMENT.

FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1904.

1. VOLUNTARY . . . . GARDNER F. PACKARD, Organist.
2. INVOCATION . . . REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D.
3. CHORUS, "To Thee, O, Country."
   PUPILS OF THE LEWIS SCHOOL.
4. INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY THE PRESIDING OFFICER.
   REV. JAMES DE NORMANDIE, D.D.
5. SOLO, "Sword of Bunker Hill."
   COMRADE JOHN E. GILMAN, Post 26, G. A. R.
6. ADDRESS . . . . REV. EDWARD ANDERSON, late Colonel Twelfth Indiana Cavalry.
7. CHORUS, "To Our Flag."
   PUPILS OF THE LEWIS SCHOOL.
8. REMARKS . . . . REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D.
9. CHORUS, "Freedom's Land."
   GRAND ARMY GLEE CLUB.
10. "AMERICA" . . . BY THE CONGREGATION.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT

INTRODUCTION

By the Rev. James de Normandie.

Two persons were heard to say, as they came into this church this evening, "I wish I could sit in General Warren's pew," but it was the church which stood on the same site, before this one was built, just a hundred years ago, in which the Warren family worshipped. In that church were forty large pews, and of those forty, nine were in the names of those who were officers in the Revolutionary Army. Pew No. 6 was in the name of Warren. That church, the fourth on the same site, was shattered by the British cannon balls, and soon after the war preparations were made to erect this church, which was dedicated in 1804; and in Pew 76 of this house General William Heath worshipped.

The expression falling from these lips bears testimony to one of the strongest sentiments of the human heart — a desire to pay homage to those who have been brave, who have been patriotic, who have despised cowards and cowardly conduct, who have loved country more than life. We like to visit the

places where they lived, we want to go where these brave deeds were done, we hold very sacred the spot where they died, we treasure their memories, we set up memorials to their virtues. It has been said that he would be a strange man indeed who could not have his patriotism aroused by a visit to the plains of Marathon.

The sentiment deepens when a life, just in opening manhood, with all the prizes of life before him, is offered up for his country; then we begin to picture what success, what glory, what usefulness to his land might have come with added years. Then, too, some persons write what they call the "True Life" of the man, and bring out whatever faults he had. It is not a gracious task. After the battle of Shiloh a number of clergymen and surgeons were sent to the relief of the wounded and dying, and as the boat hastened down the rapid current of the Mississippi the clergymen proposed a conference meeting to fit them for the scene of the coming day. There was a great deal said about the manner in which they would need to talk to the dying, thus suddenly brought face to face with the future; "men," as they said, "who had lived the unconsecrated life of the camp, perhaps unbaptized, unconverted, unprepared," and many of those mere professional words which grate so harshly before the deeper realities of life, when a man of noble bearing, his countenance all beaming with love of God and

love of man, rose and said, "I do not know anything about the lives of these dying men; I know only that they have given their lives for us; I am quite willing to leave them to the justice and love of God."

Another word — the flag. It is not a common sight to see our church dressed with our country's flag, but I am sure there come occasions when nothing can be more appropriate. I admire our flag, its stars and stripes, its red, white and blue. In itself I think it the most beautiful in the world; but I love still more what it stood for when its folds first floated in the breeze, and what it does stand for to the oppressed nations of the world. One day as I was on the deck of a steamer in that wonderful harbor, the Golden Horn of Constantinople, toward the evening of a beautiful day one of the finest ships of our navy, at that time, cast anchor near to us. As salute after salute was given and replied to, and the flag waved proudly in the air of that down-trodden land, two Turkish officers who had been among our passengers turned to me and said, quietly but sadly, "In that flag rests the hope of the world."

My friends, the talk about patriotism is cheap and easy. This firework patriotism — perhaps it is not all entirely useless, no matter how much it wears upon our nerves as we grow older, or robs us of our sleep. I confess I have not yet lost all my

liking for a noisy Fourth of July; but one day in the year, and within reasonable bounds, is quite enough. I am heart-sick of having several thousand young persons maimed, ruined, made helpless for life, by this foolish and wicked liberty and riot and excess. We are just now under the shadow of a terrible calamity. We want, my friends, not only the noise of patriotism, not only the talk about patriotism, we want the real thing. We want that flag, wherever it goes over the world, to represent a nation that stands for the broadest, truest, divinest idea of liberty, which offers opportunity and freedom to all oppressed, which holds no land subject to it for a moment that does not want our help to independence and education and growth, that forsakes no land that does want our help.

There is a two-fold memorial. We want not only the memorial of sentiment which sets up our tablets and statues, but we want the memorial of character which lives and dies for principles. Make our services of to-day — another memorial we have unveiled to this young life — no unmeaning centenary, but let each one be consecrated anew for the fullest and wisest freedom, to the freest and most unprejudiced spread of the American idea, and these services shall not be in vain. We have had too much that was noble and glorious in our past to despair of our future.

ORATION

BY THE REV. EDWARD ANDERSON,

LATE COLONEL TWELFTH INDIANA VOL. CAVALRY.

Wordsworth says, "The child is father of the man." Back of that is the truth that the man is father of the boy; and it leads us to see that the parentage of the boy is the assurance of what the man is to be.

We Roxbury boys, who remember the old brown house where Warren was born, can recall the stories told us by our grandparents of the father and mother of the statesman and soldier of whom we are thinking to-day.

Stretching back from his birthplace was what was left of the farm on which stood the trees of Roxbury russets (then called the Warren russets), one hundred and twenty-three of which were cut down during the siege, when in 1775 the grounds were occupied by Col. David Brewer's regiment. We boys of the Roxbury Latin School could then go "cross-lots" over the farm that now is covered by houses and cut up into paved streets.

Here lived and died the father of our hero, killed

while reaching from a ladder for one of his dusky but rosy-cheeked apples — blooming as the blush over the face of a lovely Creole — leaving the farm and the four boys (Warren was then fourteen years old) to the care of their talented mother. Here she made a home for her children and grandchildren till she was ninety years old; and stories that were traditions still came to us boys and girls of Roxbury, in the 30's of the last century, of her wonderful Thanksgiving pies.

The eldest of her sons was the coming general, and the youngest the man who became the great physician and surgeon.

Joseph Warren, born in 1741, was of the Latin School that was close by his home. Early in his life he showed the open-hearted bravery that characterized his later life.

His noble courage he had inherited from his remarkable mother, who was known by her neighbors as "the Pacifier." By her rare wisdom and coolness and fearlessness of judgment she had become the repository of all the troubles of her surrounding friends.

Warren entered Harvard College at fourteen years of age, and here his bravery to principle again manifested itself. (Here were related incidents of his college days, illustrating this fact.) He was graduated after four years, and taught the grammar school in Roxbury while studying medicine, and became a physician at twenty-three years of age, and in time to

show once again his bravery during the awful siege of smallpox in Boston. He became the family physician to John Adams.

He seems not to have known what fear meant. One evening as he was walking to Roxbury over the then bleak and barren Neck — washed by the tide-water on both sides of what is now Washington street, where stood the old gallows on which people were hanged for their crimes — after he had passed three British officers, one of them threw after him the remark, "You'll soon come to the gallows," and laughed. Warren turned round, and facing them said, "Which of you three made that remark? He shall eat it." Cowards as they were, they quailed under his cold but determined eyes, and apologized as they pointed to the ghastly drop further down the road.

He had become a noted patriot and orator, and led in all the preliminaries for the coming struggle. But he was a poet withal, and with Samuel Adams had much to do with the patriotic songs of the day. One verse from his poem, "Free America," will show him at once poet and prophet:

"Some future day shall crown us
The masters of the main.
Our fleets shall speak in thunder
To England, France and Spain;
And nations o'er the ocean spread
Shall tremble and obey
The sons, the sons, the sons, the sons
Of brave America."

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But Warren was too full of the great questions of the day so vital to our country, then in the throes of birth, to give much time to poetry, save as he could fire the patriot blood by songs of war. These, sung on march, or in bivouac, or as one goes into battle, are the life of the army. Veterans in our Civil War remember the thrilling effect of songs that swelled down the column in the hot and dusty march, when some one struck up "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," or "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the ground," or our "America."

Though holding a reserve that was the result of a sense of very great responsibility in the affairs of the colonies, Warren was ever in glad touch with the people. He loved to join in everything that could make men better and more united; and so, when he was only twenty years of age, he took the degrees of Masonry, and was raised a Master Mason at St. Andrew's Lodge of Boston on September 10, 1761. This lodge united with two lodges belonging to the British regiments of Boston in sending a petition to Scotland for a Grand Lodge; and in the Boston Gazette of January 1, 1770, is this article:

"By virtue of a commission lately received from the Honorable and Most Worshipful the Earl of Dalhousie, Grand Master of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons in Scotland, on Wednesday was solemnized at a Grand Lodge of A. F. & A. M., in this town, held at Masons' Hall, the installation of

the Most Worshipful Joseph Warren, Esq., Provincial Grand Master of A. F. & A. M. in North America. On the occasion there was an eloquent oration, and after the installment there was a grand entertainment."

It is interesting to know how he loved the people and stood shoulder to shoulder with them, helping in the unity of his fellows by every means in his power. Up into his early manhood — as physician, as patriot, and as friend — he strove to gain an influence for good.

His first public appearance was at the celebration of the second anniversary of the Boston Massacre, when he delivered the address that Samuel Adams had refused to give. Here he won the love and confidence of the people by his matchless eloquence and the heart he put into it.

Three years later he was made the orator at the great meeting held in the Old South Church, of which Mr. Putnam has spoken so eloquently and exhaustively this morning. But, leading up to this, he had been made a member (in 1772) of the Committee of Correspondence to the Massachusetts Towns; and later, a delegate to the Suffolk County Convention, to prevent the fortifying of Boston Neck by Governor Gage; and he was chairman of the committee that sent the Governor two papers of protest — which papers General Warren wrote.

In 1774 he was made delegate to the Massachu-

setts Congress, and was elected President of it, and also chairman of the Committee of Thirteen of Public Safety; so he was really the head of the new State.

All this brought him the honor and the danger of his famous speech of March 6, 1775, in the Old South Church. (Here was recited the story of the ladder at the window, the surprise of the red-coats who were to prevent his speaking; and some reminiscences of the Old South Church of the speaker's boyhood, when Dr. Jenks was still in its pulpit.)

So he consolidated the people and helped them to be strong for the coming conflict. Writing to Josiah Quincy at this time, he says of the Provisional Congress, of which he was president: "You would have thought yourself in an assembly of Spartans or Ancient Romans had you been a witness to the ardor which inspired those who spoke on the important business they were transacting."

The author of a poem of 1775, called "An Eulogium," has this of Warren as President of the Provisional Congress:

> "Warren serene amidst the storm appears,
> Inspired by Heaven to hush the gloomy fears
> Of sad Columbia, frightened by the sound
> Of roaring waters and tempestuous wind;
> Undaunted on the rolling deck he stood
> And steered Bostonia in the raging flood."

Finding that the British were going to Concord to destroy our ammunition, Warren dispatched Col.

Paul Revere to Lexington, and rode all night himself, to rouse the people. Both narrowly escaped capture; and Paul Revere, riding through Charlestown, came upon a squad of British, but dashed through them and rode on, followed by a hail of bullets, but preserved by the God of our battles. Enough were roused to check, at Lexington, the advance of the British — our men led by Warren after his all-night ride — but in the engagement eight men were killed and seven wounded. Yet the red-coats pushed on to Concord and destroyed sixty barrels of flour. They were driven back to Lexington; and thence on were harried by our men all the way to Charlestown, with the loss of many men killed and wounded and prisoners.

General Warren, while pressing them on, had a lock of hair from just above his ear cut away by a musket ball. When his mother heard of this narrow escape she besought him to caution, as his life was more valuable to his land and his power greater in Congress than in the army. He replied: "Wherever danger is, dear mother, there must your son be. Now is no time for *one* of America's children to shrink. I will either see my country free, or shed my blood to make her so."

A pleasant relationship seems to have existed with the red-coat officers, in spite of the war whose mutterings were heard so often. So true, and strange as true, it is that war is a national function that does not necessarily involve the hate of individuals.

After the Battle of Lexington an exchange of prisoners was made. General Warren, as President of Congress, and General Putnam, escorted by two companies of Massachusetts soldiers, conducted the exchange, and afterwards entertained the British officers as their guests at a dinner, with exchange of toasts and expressions of mutual esteem.

On the 14th of June, following this, Dr. Warren, having refused a commission as Surgeon-General, was made Major-General of American forces in Massachusetts. His combined gentleness and decision gave him an unbounded influence over the soldiers — so true is it that real gratitude and a genuine strength always makes one gentle.

We come now to the climax in the events of Massachusetts and in the life of General Warren. It is the story of the meeting of the trained and disciplined soldiers of Great Britain and the farmers and mechanics and students of the Colonies, whose only preparation for battle was patriotism and an unflinching love for liberty based on justice.

The British troops occupied Boston and were confined there, while our men held the hills about the city. On the 15th of June the Committee of Safety voted to fortify Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights, and Warren entered upon the work — though it was over his protest.

The story of the secret march of our men from Cambridge is thrilling, and on the 18th of June,

when they purposed the capture of Charlestown and Bunker Hill, the British were thunderstruck to find the latter (really Breed's Hill) fortified and occupied by the American forces. But they opened fire and killed one man. Our men were tired and hungry, and had had but little rest from their march and the labor of throwing up breastworks. The British were fresh.

(A brief description was given of the arms of those days, of our War of the Rebellion, and of now.)

General Warren, as President of Congress, had been at Watertown attending a session; but as soon as he could, in spite of the protests of his friends, who felt he was more important as a statesman, he joined the forces in Charlestown. "I cannot help it," he said; "I must share the fate of my countrymen. I should *die* to be away when my fellows are dying for country."

Five thousand British troops under General Howe attacked our worn-out men. General Warren, against the protest of General Putnam and Colonel Prescott — he the Major-General of Massachusetts forces — refused the command of troops and went into the fight as a volunteer, only seeking the most exposed place. General Putnam said to the men, "Powder must not be wasted. See the whites of their eyes, and aim at their waistbands and at the officers. You are all good shots; shoot to hit, men." Three lines of British were destroyed, one after the other, and they retreated.

More than one thousand British had fallen under the galling fire of our American guns, but they

rallied again to find that our men were out of ammunition. Then came a strange kind of warfare. Our men clubbed their muskets and fought with stones from their redoubts; but it was of no use. Haggard with fatigue and hunger and lack of sleep, they fell back.

General Warren was behind his men in their retreat. He fought like a hero with his sword. Slowly, and fighting every step, he fell back with his men. Major Small of the British army, to whom General Warren had once been a savior, called out to him to surrender for a refuge, and at the same time ordered his men to cease firing; but it was too late. A ball went through General Warren's head, killing him instantly. He fell in his young manhood — only thirty-four years old.

When General Howe was told that General Warren was dead, he said it was the offset of five hundred men!

The skilled physician attended the birth of the new Republic, little dreaming what a giant was to grow of this child. As Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Masons in the United Colonies, he helped lay the corner-stone of the greatest Republic of the world; and so firmly was it cemented in patriotic blood that it has withstood the shock of internecine war and has survived to grow so powerful that all the world looks to it as the harbinger of liberty for all the nations of the earth.

ADDRESS

By the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D.

In his address, Dr. Hale said that he had often said the people of this generation were deficient in interest in their own history. Not long ago he had said in public that the people of Boston did not prize their own heroes as they should, and he had named Warren among those heroes. But that he felt sure that by noon to-morrow every man and every boy in Roxbury would know that a truly great man died at Bunker Hill. And they would know that this was a Roxbury man. He hoped they would know where he lived. He repeated from Daniel Webster's oration, when the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument was laid, this tribute to Warren, reminding his hearers that Daniel Webster was not a man who in any stress of rhetoric went beyond the truth:

"But — ah — Him! the first great Martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! Him! the head of our

civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands; whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit; Him! cut off by Providence, in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling, ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood, like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage! how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name! Our poor work may perish: but thine shall endure! This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit!"

Mr. Hale referred to the early age at which some of the most distinguished heroes of the Revolution acquired fame. Hamilton attracted Washington's attention when he was eighteen. Lafayette was wounded at Brandywine before he was twenty-one. Washington, who was almost venerated by the members of his staff for his long experience, was forty-three when he took the command of the army. Warren was thirty-four when he was killed. We ought to be careful, in what we call our more advanced civilization of to-day, to remind all boys at our schools that the world may pivot on them when they are as young as these men were, and the boys

ought to be glad that they live in a country which throws such responsibility upon young men.

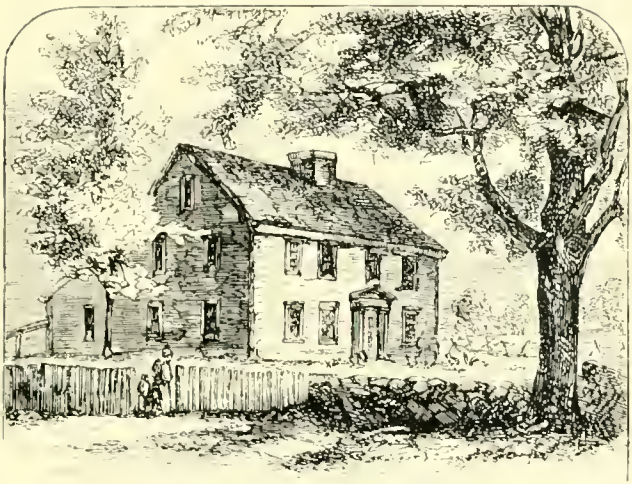
Warren delivered two of the addresses on the anniversary of the Boston Massacre. The town of Boston maintained a series in these orations on or near the fifth of March from 1771 till in 1783 the orations on Independence Day were substituted in the beginning of the series which has been maintained till this time. Warren delivered the address in 1772 and again in 1775. You have been told how his entrance to the Old South Meeting House was obstructed, so that he entered through the window into the pulpit. The stairs of the pulpit were crowded with English officers. As Warren spoke one of them held out a handful of bullets, and Warren with perfect presence of mind dropped his white handkerchief over the hand which was guilty of such rudeness. It was only six weeks later that Warren was giving his directions to Dawes and Revere for their midnight ride to Concord, and was himself on the field in the day of Lexington. Nor was he unconscious that this future was so near.

"Pardon me, my fellow-citizens; I know you need not zeal or fortitude. You will maintain your rights or perish in the generous struggle. However difficult the combat, you never will decline it when freedom is the prize. An independence on Great Britain is not our aim. No; our wish is that Britain and the Colonies may, like oak and the ivy, grow and increase

in strength together. . . . . But, if these pacific measures are ineffectual, and it appears that the only way to safety is through fields of blood. I know you will not turn your faces from your foes, but will, undauntedly, press forward, till tyranny is trodden under foot and you have fixed your adored Goddess of Liberty fast by a Brunswick's side on an American throne."

Mr. Hale said he read these words from the original edition of Warren's addresses. "This volume," he said, "I will give as the first gift to the proposed museum of Revolutionary and other historical relics, which we ought to establish in Roxbury. For we ought to make use of the historic old house in Eliot square, which was General Thomas' headquarters during the siege of Boston, as a museum, and it is now hoped that steps will be taken to preserve the old mansion, which is now falling into decay.

"The bullet with which Warren was killed is still in existence. It is now in a household in a neighboring city. It should be secured, for presentation, as a second gift to the museum in the Thomas house."



THE WARREN HOMESTEAD.